

taking methods raised him in the estimation of the public and the profession to which he belonged. He held the chair of ophthalmology for many years, was Dean of the Medical Faculty for twelve years, was President respectively of the University Alumni Association, Canadian Medical Association, the Ontario Medical Association, and the Toronto Academy of Medicine. He received honorary degrees from the University of Toronto, McGill, and Birmingham.

Dr. Reeve's great strength lay in his charming personality. Many writers have tried to describe the personality of distinguished men; but we shall make no attempt to do so in this case. His was one of those quiet, subtle influences that took a hold of one; and once it laid hold, grew. No one ever heard a rude or coarse remark fall from his lips. He was most deferential to the opinions of others, ever seeking to promote the welfare of his profession, always ready to act in any capacity his confrères sought his aid, and always displaying a keen insight into the questions brought before him. His humor, too, was of the most delightful character. After being in his company and parting from him one could not help feeling that—

His words were bonds, his oaths were oracles,  
His love, sincere, his thoughts, immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

On the day of his death, the writer spent an hour with him, from five to six in the afternoon, at the Academy of Medicine, on the Library Committee. He was then in his usual good spirits. We walked from the Academy building to College Street and were discussing some of the points in Dr. Stockard's lecture on Heredity, which had been delivered a few evenings previously before the Royal Canadian Institute. Among other things the writer mentioned what David Livingstone said in his diary that the old chief of the Makalolo tribe told him "that God made the pure whites and God made the pure blacks, but the Devil made the half-breeds." Dr. Reeve laughed and waived a parting salute. A few hours later he dropped dead on the street, while on his way home from a University meeting.

"They live long who live well," but Dr. Reeve lived both well and long. Now that he is gone, the words of Tennyson, in memory of his friend Hallam, can be spoken of him—"And thus he bore without abuse, the grand old name of gentleman." Dr. Reeve was both an example and an inspiration. He belongs to the future as well as the past. While with us his word was "carry on;" now that he has left us his word is "come on."